

*The contention of the two famous Houses,*

*K. Edw.* I, if thou say I to my request,  
No, if thou say no to my demand.

*Lady.* Then no my Lord, my sure is at an end.

*Glo.* The widdow likes him not, she bends the brow.

*Cla.* Why he is the bluntest wooer in Christendome.

*K. Edw.* Her lookes are all replete with maiesty,  
One way or other she is for a King,  
And she shall be my loue or else my Queene.  
Say that King Edward tooke thee for his Queene.

*Lady.* Tis better said then done, my gracious Lord,  
I am a subiect fit to iest withall,  
But farre unfit to be a Soueraigne.

*King Edw.* Sweete widdow, by my state I sweare, I speake  
No more then what my heart intends,  
And that is to enioy thee for my Loue.

*Lady.* And that is more then I will yeeld vnto,  
I know I am too bad to be your Queene,  
And yet too good to be your Concubine.

*K. Edw.* You cauill widdow, I did meane my Queene.

*La.* Your grace would be loath my sons shold call you father.

*K. Edw.* No more then when my daughters call thee mother.  
Thou art a widdow, and thou hast some children,  
And by Gods mother, I being but a batchellor,  
Haue other some. Why tis a happy thing  
To be the Father of many children.

Argue no more, for thou shalt be my Queene.

*Glo.* The ghostly father now hath done his shrift.

*Cla.* When he was made a shriuer, 'twas for shift.

*K. Edw.* Brothers, you muse what talke the widdow  
And I haue had, you would thinke it strange  
If I should marry her.

*Cla.* Marry her my Lord, to whom?

*K. Edw.* Why Clarence to my selfe.

*Glo.* That would be ten dayes wonder at the least.

*Cla.* Why that's a day longer then a wonder lasts.

*Glo.* And so much more are the wonders in extremes.

*K. Edw.* Well, i'case on brothers, I can tell you, her

*of Yorke and Lancaster.*

Sure is granted for her husbands lands.

*Enter a Messenger.*

*Mess.* And it please your grace, Henry your foe is  
Taken, and brought as prisoner to your Pallace gates.

*K. Edw.* Away with him, and send him to the Tower,  
And lets go question with the man about  
His apprehension. Lords along, and vse  
This Lady honourably.

*Exeunt omnes.*

*Manet Gloster, and speaks.*

*Glo.* I, Edward will vse women honorably,  
Would he were wasted, marrow, bones and all,  
That from his loynes no issue might succeed,  
To hinder me from the golden time I looke for,  
For I am not yet lookt on in the world.  
First is there Edward, Clarence, and Henry,  
And his sonne, and all they looke for issue  
Of their loynes, ere I can plant my selfe.  
A cold premeditation for my purpose,  
What other pleasure is there in the world beside?  
I will go clad my body in gay ornaments,  
And lull my selfe within a Ladies lap,  
And witch sweet Ladies with my words and lookes.  
Oh monstrous man, to harbour such a thought!  
Why loue did scorne me in my mothers wombe.  
And for I should not deale in her affaires,  
She did corrupt fraile nature in the flesh,  
And plac'd an enuious mountaine on my backe,  
Where sits deformity to mocke my body,  
To dry mine arme vp like a withered shrimpe,  
To make my legs of an vnequall size,  
And am I then a man to be belou'd?  
Easier for me to compasse twenty crownes.  
Tut I can smile, and murder when I smile,  
I cry content, to that which greeues me most.  
I can adde colours to the Cameliion,

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